

The Historie of

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. For looth fve yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Fve yeares, berlady a long lease for the chinking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, it was but a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis but to morrow Francis, or Francis, on thurseday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddioe garter, Smooth tongue, Spanisla pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Ghestes within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Prim. Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: Poines.

Poines. Anone, anone sir.

Enter Poines.

Prim. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?

Prim. I am now of al humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a cloke at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prim. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His indultry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perceys mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some 6. or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteens, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene:

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry & Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sow neather stocks, & mend them, & foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prim. Dost thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3

Fals.